

PAUL SEYMOUR,  
PUBLISHER.

points out various provisions in the State Constitution which it contends were contrived to give a political preponderance to the owners of slaves. It shows that the representation of the several counties in the Legislature is apportioned according to the *slave* and not to the white population.— Thus it appears, from the tables given, that the two plantation districts of Georgetown and Beaufort, containing 7,743 whites and 45,673 slaves, have together 6 senators and 10 representatives, while the district of Spartenburg, having 17,924 whites, and only 5,687 slaves, has but 1 senator and 5 representatives. In this manner, care is taken to give the few slaveholders more representatives than the many non-slaveholders. To such an extent is this system carried, that less than *one-third* of the free white population elect a majority of the members of both Houses of the Legislature! The tract also shows that the property quali-

Observe yet again this "glory," in the broad illumination of Christian truth. In all ages, even in heathen lands, men have looked with peculiar reverence upon the relation of brotherhood. Feuds among brothers, from that earliest mutual murdering contest beneath the walls of Thebes, have been accounted dismal and abhorred, never to be mentioned without condemnation and aversion. This same sentiment was revived in modern times, and men sought to extend the holy circle of its influence. According to curious and savage custom, valiant knights, desirous of associating in this sacred connection, voluntarily caused themselves to be bled together, that the blood of each other, as it spired from the veins, might intermingle, and thus constitute them of one blood. In the same spirit, an emperor of Constantinople, and one of the crusading kings, confirmed an alliance of friendship—being bled togeth-

**A GOOD SUGGESTION.**—Rev. Mr. Choules in an address on Agricultural subjects, says:  
 "I wish that we could create a general passion for Gardening and Horticulture—we want more beauty about our houses.—The scenes of our childhood are the memories of our future years. Let our dwellings be beautiful with plants and flowers.—Flowers are, in the language of a late cultivator, the playthings of childhood and the ornaments of the grave; they raise smiling looks to man and grateful ones to God."

Every criticism should spring from benevolent feelings, the love of truth, and the desire of conducting to perfection the talents upon which it is exercised.—*Scholar.*

The genius was of consumptive tendency we  
 knew; but had confidently hoped that the  
 change of climate, and the air of a warmer  
 latitude would have the beneficial effects  
 which they often do, and give her better  
 health than she had hitherto known. If  
 she die there, her grave will be well placed,  
 on a path of duty; but there are those here  
 to whom a certainty of not seeing her again  
 in this world will be heavy to bear. Her  
 day will have been bright and brief, but it  
 meets with a rosy promise of a still fairer  
 to-morrow; for the light of a soul like hers  
 sends its brightness onwards, before her  
 into heaven. It is our right to mourn  
 over the pure spirit's descent below the horizon  
 of our gaze, when we know that, as  
 the light passes this side of that dark lim-  
 it to our vision, it kindles on the other side  
 in the glowing welcome of angels."

was the great snookkeeper Arthur,—yes, he was Wellington and Co., who made him an exile, and made for him his untimely grave. So is it with old Boston. Trade has seized upon the vital and commercial wherever it shows itself. Not content with secular advantages itself it finds its home beneath the church, and there "stores its goods." Some people say, it has its seat in the church pew.

People see all this, and are making preparation for the result. Hundreds and thousands of acres of new land are in progress east of Harrison, and west of Charles streets. The empty basin is to be filled up, and covered with palaces. The Brookline hills are to be brought into Boston.—Trade is doing all this in the idle hope that it may find rest. And who is making the land? The very immigrant who is com-

**CHOLERA IN IOWA.—**The Cuyton Gazette reports the 19th says:

We learn that there were three deaths from cholera, in Boon township, last week. No other cases have occurred in that neighborhood for thirty or forty years.

It is estimated that from 75 to 100 persons here died of cholera in different parts of this country during the epidemic of 1865, and it is probably died in Boon township alone.

**RAISING SWEET POTATOES FROM SEED.**—The yam-potato vine blooms in August. In about two months after, they form a pod. The seeds are then formed at about three or four inches long, and of the same color. The pods should be noticed and gathered when ripe, or else the seeds will soon drop. In the spring, at the first frost, they may be sown in the same way as with cabbage seed. They will not come up quite so soon, but will continue doing so through the spring. The plant is small and delicate appearing, and like those of another species of yam, with a little dirt attached to it, and transplanted. The leaf and vine have a different appearance from the potato, and the tubers will appear later, and look like another tuberous vegetable cultivated the usual way.—*Recorder Supplement*, Georgia.



# THE EXAMINER.

JOHN H. HEYWOOD,  
NOBLE BUTLER, } EDITORS.

LOUISVILLE, SEPT. 29, 1849.

We send, occasionally, a number of the EXAMINER to persons who are not subscribers, in the hope that, by a perusal of it, they may be induced to subscribe.

J. M. McKim Esq., No. 31, North Fifth st., Philadelphia, will receive subscriptions for the Examiner.

## Notice.

We shall, in future, discontinue sending the Examiner to subscribers after the expiration of the time for which their subscriptions pay, unless otherwise instructed.

## South Carolina—The Curse of Slavery.

For several years South Carolina has rendered herself very ridiculous by the attitude she has assumed in relation to the question of slavery. Not content with guarding her own frontiers by the establishment of sanitary cordons to keep out the infection of abolitionism, she has become extremely benevolent and seeks to protect all the people of all the Southern States from the mischief which anti-slavery men would like to bring upon them. She has assumed to speak for the entire South. That is to say Mr. Calhoun has, and Mr. Calhoun and South Carolina are convertible terms. What she says she says.

The position of South Carolina is not more peculiar than absurd. One would think that her sons and daughters have nothing to do but to keep up a very hard thinking and talking about the blessings of the negro system. In thus giving all their time to one subject the Carolinians have grown to be a very peculiar people. They assume to speak for all the South, and yet there is scarcely a man, woman or child outside of South Carolina that does not instinctively turn up his or her nose whenever the idea of the lofty presumption of that State crosses his or her mind. Anxious to speak for the entire South—to do all the thinking and rhetoric for all Southern people—every other Southern State tells her distinctly that she might as well mind her own business and permit honest people to get along according to their own convictions of duty and propriety. South Carolina in this pressing her "rejected address" on the people of the South, acts very much as a persecuting autocrat who seems to fancy that the more his innominate frowns on and spurs him the greater his chance of reaching the Paradise of his evil wishes becomes. And South Carolina is the most constant of all contemned autocrats. For twenty years she has been offering her sweet and precious services to the rest of the Southern States, and they have regularly and constantly spurned her proffered kindness.

If a man were to act as South Carolina acts there is not a jury in the land that would not consign him to a Lunatic Asylum. She has but one idea in her head and on that she has been expatiating so long and so incoherently that all the world is tired of her eloquence and refuses to listen longer. Then too she fancies that it is her peculiar mission to rectify the public opinion of the world on the subject of slavery. To this end she preaches continually to the most "beggarly account of empty boxes" ever preached to in Christendom. Nobody listens, and yet she fancies the whole world are intent on her lips. Now we hold it to be indisputable that if any man were to act as South Carolina acts, he would be pronounced incurably insane. Let any one think of nothing but the blessings of slavery for years, let him strive to be a propagandist, and though he finds insupportable barriers to his logic on all sides of him, still let him persist in convincing the world of his notions—let him pursue such a course and his assignment to a "Retreat for the Insane" is inevitable.

We are sorry for South Carolina. Her men of the revolutionary period—those of them who were not throat-cutting Tories—were a very fine race of people. They were generous, chivalric, and given to hospitality. Visitors were delighted, not less with the fare they met with, than with the style in which it was proffered to them. The welcome with which every mouthful was swallowed sweetened it as it descended the esophagus, and caused it to sit lightly on the stomach. The women of South Carolina too in that "good old time" were fine creatures. They were superb and queenly in their demeanor, with hearts that melted under paths—with lips that well knew how to point a sarcasm or to give grace to a story, with eyes of dazzling lustre that added strength to each word of seriousness or that softened each expression of tenderness—these women of South Carolina's golden age, were, we say, glorious creatures, who were universal homage by displaying all those noble and winning qualities that we love in woman. To think of such South Carolinians as those which gave to her society grace and dignity, beauty and love, kindness and eloquence, during the last century, and then to think of their descendants, the present men of that State, causes one almost to doubt whether the evil genius of the story did not visit the cradle of each son of Carolina and dash with bitterness every gift of every good fairy.

Look at her present position! Before us is the Charleston Mercury of a recent date, in which we find an account of two meetings held in that State, the proceedings of which are almost enough to cause the bones of Marion, Moultrie, Sumpter, Hayne, and others to rise from their graves and leave the State with shame. Both of these meetings were held in Saint Peter's Parish. One of them was held on the 8th of February, 1848, and was called to consider the case of W. H. Brisbane, who was then on a visit to some of his relatives in that parish. The charge against Mr. Brisbane was that he, "in one of our pulpits," insulted us "with the prayer that universal liberty might soon prevail!" For offering such a heinous prayer to the throne of grace, he was denounced as "a traitor to the South," and a committee of three was appointed "to wait on the Rev. Wm. Brisbane, M. D., instantly, and warn him to leave the State for forty-eight hours, or abide the consequences from a hitherto patient but now indignant community." The other meeting was held at the same place on the 10th of last month, to consider what should be done with a person who had had the audacity to write an article headed "The Indignation Meeting," in which the proceedings of the meeting to consider Doctor Brisbane's case were reasonably ridiculed. When the meeting was organized, the author of the offensive article, Dr. L. D. Matthews, came forward and pleaded guilty to having furnished a part of the article. In extenuation of the enormity, he stated that he was not an abolitionist, that he despised that wretched sect, that he would stand by South Carolina and her peculiar institutions to the last gasp. He moreover said that he had not written the article for publication. He had merely sent it to his cousin, Brisbane, who had tricked it out in sundry abolition feathers and had it published in a Cincinnati paper. He further said that he was a descendant of revolutionary blood. "We are sorry that a descendant of Carolina revolutionary stock, a stock that fought for liberty, should now brag of his superlative dedication to an institution which cuts off its victims from all

these rights and immunities which the men of our revolutionary period fought for. The gentleman was let off with a gentle admonition, and promising not to be guilty of any similar crime hereafter, the meeting adjourned.

The case of Barrett who is now lying in jail in Spartanburg is fresh in the minds of our readers. That unfortunate young man has caused a prodigious ferment in South Carolina. He has violated no law, and yet he is incarcerated among felons. From the manner in which the papers of that State have noticed the affair and from the red hot indignation many of them have uttered, there is no doubt that there are hundreds of men in South Carolina who would rejoice if he were to fall a victim to the ruthless Lynch code. We cannot conceive of a more utterly pitiable condition of the public mind than that in which the public mind in South Carolina at present is found. A young man is suspected of being engaged in distributing a pamphlet showing the anti-republican nature of the present constitution of the State, and for such a crime all the teeth in the State are gnashed at him! We do not see how a deeper stigma could fall on a people than to be incessantly irritated by such a circumstance, a circumstance which could not possibly excite anybody's attention in any other community in the Union.

The present condition of South Carolina is the legitimate result of devotion to the slavery system carried out to its ultimate result. Such a devotion if persisted in will crase any man or any set of men.

We would direct the attention of all other slave States to the condition of South Carolina, as presenting a spectacle which they may care to prevent unless they are extremely careful. Mr. Calhoun is one of the most gifted men of the day. His mind is masterly, and yet he has swindled himself out of his power to influence the nation by surrendering himself as an abject slave to the advocacy of slavery. So too of his State. She has lost her influence in the councils of the nation because she views every thing through the distorting medium of slavery. The peculiar institution is all that the people of that State exhibit any regard for. None of the sciences, none of the arts, nothing in philosophy or in manufactures, no great discovery or important invention is suffered for a moment to distract their attention from slavery. It is the only thing they live for—it is the only thing they would die for—it is the only thing which would render Paradise itself attractive to them. Such a monomania is fearful. It is one of the most wretchedly humiliating spectacles recorded in history. No enemy of South Carolina could wish her a more bitter punishment than that which the system of slavery has inflicted on her. If men will cling to a stuporous system of outrage and of wrong they cannot expect to escape the retribution which everlasting justice exacts.

Let Kentucky and the other slave States be warned by the condition of South Carolina to escape the miserable lot she is now consigned to. A more appalling condition cannot be imagined than that of a State which thinks of and cares for nothing but slavery. A man dares to pray for "universal liberty," and he is ordered to leave the State within two days at the peril of his life. Can public sentiment in a republic possibly sink lower in degeneracy than is indicated by such conduct?

It is a crime thought to be worthy of death if a man in South Carolina denounces the wretched system of negro slavery! Where can a more odious tyranny be found than exists there? There never was a poor and wretched condition of the Persians, government who manifested a more degrading tyranny than the leading men of South Carolina uphold. To say that freedom of thought and liberty of conscience can exist in such a State is exceedingly absurd. We need not cross the Atlantic to find victims of despotism on whom to lavish our sympathy. We need not travel beyond South Carolina; we wish to feel odium for tyranny the most perfect and utter. There is no tyranny exercised in Siberia which is so grinding, so ruthless, so shameless, and so utterly unjust as that which degrades the most devoted of the slaveholding States of this confederacy.

**James D. Nourse, Esq.**

This distinguished gentleman, the author of "The Past and its Legacies," is now in our city with the intention of giving a course of lectures. We assure our readers that those who attend the lectures of Mr. Nourse will be highly delighted and instructed. His rich stores of knowledge, his reflective powers, and his brilliant rhetoric, will enable him to give such lectures as we do not often have the opportunity of hearing.

**Concert by Madame Abbinowicz.**

The lovers of music will be delighted to learn that this distinguished vocalist has determined to favor the citizens of Louisville with one of her delightful musical entertainments. We know that she will have a full house.

**The Whig Rectification Meeting.**

A meeting to ratify the nominations of the late State Convention, passed the following resolution on the Territorial question:

*Resolved*, That the progress of human liberty makes more and more evident the propriety of the great principle proclaimed at the last political canvass, viz: That no extension of the institution of slavery can be sanctioned by the Government of Republican America; and while it is the solemn conviction of this meeting that the provisions of the Constitution of the United States with regard to slavery are binding on all good citizens, it is no less the purpose of this meeting to make open profession of its determined hostility to the extension of slavery into any territory acquired by the National Government. And as we have called on Pennsylvania to rally to the support of their great pecuniary interests, so we invoke the action of our fellow-citizens by all the high moral principles by which they are distinguished, to vindicate the sanctity of human rights.

**Trade between California and Oregon.**

We have a letter, says the Boston Traveler, from a Newburyport ship-master, dated on the 12th of July at San Francisco. He writes that he has obtained a freight of lumber from Oregon for San Francisco at \$125 per thousand feet. He has twenty passengers from San Francisco to Oregon at about \$125 each. The total proceeds of the trip from Oregon will be about \$14,000; estimated expenses \$5,000; net profit of the trip down of about 25 days, \$9,000. The Captain writes that he has been obliged to increase the wages of a boy who shipped here for six dollars to \$125 per month. He says that if he wishes to be put ashore at San Francisco, he is obliged to pay six dollars, and no grumbling at that. In looking at the town of San Francisco, from his ship, he is reminded of the passage of Scripture—"How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob."

The first Minnesota Legislature convened on Tuesday, the 4th inst., and both branches were permanently organized. William Furber was elected Speaker of the House, and W. D. Phillips Chief Clerk. In the Council, Mr. Olmstead was elected President, and Joseph R. Brown Secretary. James M. Goodhue was chosen to do the incidental printing of both Houses.

**A New French Minister.**

We are informed (says the Tribune) that M. Poussin's recall has been decided on by the French Government, independent of his difficulties with the cabinet at Washington. Mr. de Montholon, the son of General Montholon, is to be named his successor.

**The Louisville Journal and our Questions.**

The Louisville Journal has at length undertaken to answer our questions about the marriage of slaves. Ill health prevented us from making some remarks on the answer last week.

A very small portion of the article is devoted to our questions. We republish the portion which refers to our questions. The writer seems to have found it much easier to answer some other questions than those before him. We shall endeavor to "stick to the question." It will be remembered that the article in the Journal which induced us to ask these questions assumed a lofty tone of christian morality, and spoke of the duties which Christianity imposes upon us with regard to the slave. It seemed to us that when one is speaking of duty to the slave, some allusion should be made to the violation of his dearest rights. We hoped that the attention of the Journal would be turned to this matter and that the editors would see what injustice is authorized and demanded by our laws. The Journal admits that the prohibition of marriage is wrong, but that it is essential to the system. What the Journal says about the difficulty of getting rid of slavery has nothing to do with the right or wrong of the matter. Is the thing wrong? The Journal answers in the affirmative. Now when a thing is wrong, what course does Christianity demand of the wrong-doer? Does it command him to sit down and brood over the difficulties in the way, till he has convinced himself that nothing can be done? A system may be productive of great injury; but so long as nothing but expediency is concerned, Christianity allows us to make all we can of the difficulties. The case, however, is different when there is a question of right and wrong. Christianity may not command the wrong-doer to run headlong against difficulties; but it certainly commands him to do something to make some effort to throw off his sin. No course of sin is deserted without some inconvenience. Two persons may have lived together so long in adultery that there may be very great difficulties in the way of their separation; but Christianity does not on this account permit the guilty parties to continue in the commission of sin. It does not tell them that they may continue to commit sin because it is very hard to do right.

A few years ago, many of the Barbary States carried on systematic piracy. Piracy was authorized by the governments. A great amount of capital was invested in this business. There were vested rights in abundance. The labor of the country was performed by slaves who had been captured by piratical vessels. If the citizens of the piratical States had begun to talk about Christianity, acknowledging that their whole course was wrong, but saying that they did not see any plan for abolishing the evil without great inconvenience, we do not believe the editors of the Journal would have been satisfied.

Some of our States which had imprudently contracted enormous debts determined to avoid fulfilling their contracts. They acknowledged the obligation to discharge debts, but they asserted that the people would be very seriously injured by the attempt to act honestly. But what a storm of indignation was raised against the repudiating States! The editors of the Journal denounced them with all that energy of language which they can so readily command. The difficulties in the way were not considered a sufficient excuse for failing to be honest. Now, the creditors would only be deprived of a little money by the dishonesty of these States; but the slave is deprived of a right the enjoyment of which is above all price. He is treated as a brute when the enjoyment of the right is withheld from him.

The great Founder of Christianity meant something when he commanded us to do to others what we would have others do to us. We believe that he intended something more than to enunciate a pretty phrase. What should we think if we were placed under a system degrading us from the enjoyment of the dearest rights of humanity? Should we be satisfied if we were told that there were great difficulties in the way of permitting us to enjoy our rights? If Christianity directs us to fold our hands because there are difficulties in the way of doing right, Christianity is nothing more than a sublime humbug. We could have done as much as that without it.

We know that there are great difficulties in the way of removing this as well as any other evil. We could bring forward many objections to every plan that has been proposed. But we know that when men earnestly set about doing any thing difficulties vanish. Plans change themselves till they become better than any one expected them to be. Men "build better by they know." Would the American Revolution have been accomplished if our forefathers had waited for an unobjectionable plan? Were there not men at that period who could demolish plans as easily as they could efface the frost-work on the window? The successful plan formed itself. Providence, the course of events, the very elements assist those who go earnestly to work, while everything combines against those who wait for unobjectionable plans.

We know that if the law should acknowledge the sacredness of the marriage tie among slaves, the system of slavery would be very much affected. But the operation would be very gradual.

The slave husband and the slave wife could labor for their master as well as if they were treated as brutes. At the death of the master some inconvenience might be felt in disposing of them; but would it not be just such inconvenience as every conscientious master would create if he could? A lady who was opposed to the movements in favor of emancipation was one day finding fault with us for our efforts. We spoke of some of the evils of slavery, and among other things, of the prohibition of marriage. She said that her grandfather always recognized the sacredness of the marriage tie among his slaves, and that he would never have thought of separating those who were married. We asked her what took place at his death. Her eyes filled with tears as she told of the heart-rending scenes that occurred.

This subject is not a mere abstraction. It is continually coming before us as a painful reality. How often do we see gangs of chained slaves passing along our streets. Many of those slaves, whom we theoretically acknowledge to be human beings, have been torn from those whom they love as dearly as the white man loves his wife. We know that the generous feelings of the writer of the article in the Journal are excited by the view of such outrages upon humanity, and that he feels as much indignation as can be felt by the most earnest Emancipationists. If he were to follow the dictates of his generous impulses on such occasions, he would go for sweeping the whole system from existence.

A short time ago, the Journal said that to speak of slavery as a sin is abolitionism. It acknowledges the sinfulness of the system—it could not help doing so. There is now something more than dollars and cents to be considered.

**The New Orleans Crescent says that Gen. Worth did not intend to take part in any insurrectionary movements in Cuba. The Crescent is authorized to say this by a friend of the General, who conversed with him freely and fully as to his intentions and prospects but a short time before his death.**

One hundred hands are advertised for, to work on the Charleston and Jeffersonian plank road. Ten good hewers are also wanted.

**California—Romance and Reality.**

A few months since our country was wild with enthusiasm. The strange tidings from the new El Dorado, seemingly too wonderful to be true, passed with electric speed from one part of the land to the other. There was not a village in the Union which did not partake of the excitement, and although many of the wiser and more cautious members of society sought earnestly to restrain the swelling tide, their efforts were but partially successful. They spoke of the dangers and difficulties that would ensue the path of the emigrant; of the heart-sinking consequent upon a long and perhaps unending absence from the scenes and friends of youth; of sickness on the wild dreary plains or among the more rocky mountain ranges, sickness among strangers with no dear familiar faces to cheer the hour of loneliness and no hand of affection pressing gently on the throbbing brow; of death in the wilderness and a neglected grave.

The picture presented was dark enough, but it was held up in vain. The sanguine believed that the difficulties were of no account, the adventurous saw in danger only an incentive, to the restless no hardship was so appalling as the monotony of peaceful, every-day life, and before the eyes of all was the glittering prize, which, when attained, would cause all danger and suffering to be forgotten. Thus reasoned thousands of the young, and not of the young only, for in America hearts the love of adventure and the love of gold pass not away with the fleeting years of youth. The volcano, whose lofty summit is white with snow but within whose bosom the fierce flames roll ceaselessly, is to just a type and symbol of age in this restless western world. Hence old and young went with each other in enthusiasm and the fire burned only the more brightly for the efforts made to extinguish it, as the raging flame will sometimes seize the quenching water, and convert it into fuel. In a few weeks thousands and tens of thousands, full of life and hope, were ready to begin their hazardous pilgrimage to the golden shrine.

This was the Romance of the California emigration. The Reality was to be learned afterwards. By many of the pilgrims it has already been learned. Some of vigorous frame and dauntless spirit have not shrunk from the lesson, but how hard, how fatal, it has been to others, how many graves which mark the trail of the migrants too plainly tell. We have from time to time seen letters which revealed the nature and degree of the hardships encountered by the pilgrims, but nothing has given us so vivid an idea of these hardships, as the following extract from a letter written from Fort Laramie by an intelligent physician to his son in Louisville.

"From Independence to this place, as far as we have gone yet, the road-side is strewn with graves. Continued scenes of disaster, exhaustion, and death. At one spot on the banks of the south branch of the Nebraska there are four graves side by side, fresh, all of the month of June. Hardly a day has passed in our travel without our seeing from one to four new graves. The day before we arrived here (last Saturday) I saw a grave that the wolves had opened! I found the skull twenty-two steps from the grave, picked as clean as if it had been prepared by the most perfect execution of an expert anatomist, the ribs scattered about, one of the superior maxillary bones and one of the shoulder-blades. These were all the bones that I saw. The blanket in which he had been wrapped was torn to tatters, the headkerchief had been round his head as he still near his grave. I scraped the dirt off the head-board and read as follows: 'I am, 21—of Chillicothe, Ohio, departed this life 21st June, 1849.'

I saw all this on the 30th June, nine days after he died. One day last week I passed a grave of a boy twelve years old, the first I have seen of one so young.

This sadly dispelled as fair a vision, perhaps, of worldly success as ever visited the mind of man. To the tender youth and the mature man, who, it may be, had been drawn from their homes by the beautiful Romance which Fancy told, the Reality was revealed by a mortal sickness and a lonely grave in the wild plains of the West.

But though the coloring in Fancy's picture was falsely bright and much on Reality's canvass is fearfully dark, the canvass is not altogether gloomy and repulsive. Many emigrants, it is true, will suffer and sink under hard hardships, many will drag exhausted frames to desolate graves, but many in full health and vigor will reach the land of gold. Of these, it is true, that many, who have borne bravely all the dangers of the journey, will fall victims to the more terrible dangers which will beset their path amid California's golden sands, the dangers of dissipation and vice; but others, many others, it is to be hoped, will stand securely in the midst of all peril, and, holding fast to their integrity, will, at once, do honor to the land of their birth and justice to the land of their adoption. Resisting the allurements of too sudden success and standing firm against the encroachments of the hard spirit of avarice, may they lay deep in industry, intelligence and freedom the foundations of a State which will be warmly welcomed by the great sisterhood.

Such a State, doubtless, would soon be connected by iron-roads with the older States of the confederacy, and thus would the shores of the Pacific and the shores of the Atlantic be brought together and indissolubly united. Thus resources of inexhaustible wealth would be opened to our country, while a new thoroughfare would be presented to the commerce of the world. Nor would the beneficial influences be confined to commercial and pecuniary welfare. In the new modes and increased facilities of intercommunication civilization and Christianity would find the means and agencies of its calculable good. It is only necessary that the settlers in the new territory, the founders of the new State, should act as becomes men conscious of their accountability to their age and their God to have the future condition of California a far brighter and more beautiful Reality than any golden picture which Romance has drawn, a Reality as bright and beautiful as the heart of patriotism and humanity can desire.

**Chivalry.**

A Norfolk paper contains the following advertisement:

*NOTICE*—For sale, a Colored Girl, of very superior qualifications, who is now in Mr. Hall's Jail in Norfolk. She is what speculators call a "Fancy Girl," bright, pliant, fine figure, straight black hair and very black eyes—remarkably neat and cleanly in her dress and person. I venture to say, that there is not a better seamstress, cutter and fitter of ladies and children's Dresses in Norfolk or elsewhere, or a more faithful nurse of Bed Bagg, Money Parson, &c. Any Lady or Gentleman, in Norfolk or Portsmouth, who may wish to purchase a Girl of this description, (whom I consider the most valuable property a Virgin may take her and try her a month or more at my risk, and if she does not suit answer the description here given, may return her to Mr. Hall.

The cause of offence, for which I intend, (if I may so well sell her, is that she has been recently induced, by the persuasions of some colored persons, to make her escape with them to the North, in which she failed, and is now for sale. Apply to the subscriber in Suffolk County, Virginia, or to C. C. Robinson, of Portsmouth, for further information.

**JOSEPH HOLLADAY.**

Hon. R. P. Letcher, our newly appointed Minister to Mexico, and Capt. B. K. Harding, Secretary of Legation to the same court, arrived in Cincinnati on Sunday, on their way home. They will immediately make preparations for their departure to the city of the Montezumas, and expect to start in a few weeks.

**Communications.**

**The Late Address of the Central Committee.**

This address I have read with mingled emotions of pleasure and regret. With pleasure, because I saw there portrayed the evils of slavery, and the advantages of "holy freedom." With regret, because I saw the proposition to emancipate, coupled with Colonization—a plan which I regard as unjust, and one which I believe will prove abortive.

That committee doubtless claim to act upon humane and christian principles. If not, they will fall to make that grand lever of moral reform—conscience.

Is it christian, humane, or just, that we require a poor unoffending man, who has toiled to construct our roads, clear our farms, feed our children, and clothe our own bodies—who has done so much for us, that we in return require as a condition of his enjoying the boon of freedom—the "inalienable right of humanity"—that he must be banished—banished from the land of his birth—from a land where he is acclimated, to one to which he is not acclimated; and removal to which must result in disease and death to hundreds and thousands. And all this, too, without his consent. Is this obeying Christ's rule—"Whatsoever ye would that men (no provision is made for color or degree of intellectual capacity) should do unto you, do ye even so to them?" If the members of that committee were slaves, and the colored people had the majority and power in their hands, would the committee think it just and christian that they should be banished without their consent to the land of their forefathers—Ireland, Germany, Scotland, or whatever that land might be?

Does the committee say there is a prejudice against the colored race, and they should therefore be banished? This position we see in almost every Colonization address. But is it a sufficient one—is it one upon which christians and philanthropists should base their actions—a systematic and organized effort, to continue through the lapse of many succeeding years?

If we can judge from the returns from the polls in Jefferson county, as well as from all other counties in the State, there is a prejudice against the members of that committee themselves; and no doubt many of the citizens would colonize them if they had the power. But would the committee think prejudice a sufficient ground for such action?

Does the committee say it would be for the welfare of the colored people themselves? We reply—of this the colored people should be the sole judges. Many of the perpetrators of the State are saying "these Emancipationists had better give up the ship, and go to free States, where they could all be of a piece—they could get along better."

Now we think we ought to be the judges of this matter. Should the perpetrators banish or colonize the Emancipationists, merely because they had the power—giving as a reason, "it would be better for the Emancipationists," the Emancipationists would feel it as an act of tyranny, worthy only of the Autocrat of Russia. And shall we, because we have the power, assume the right to judge for a poor and long oppressed minority? Shall we, as professed republicans and democrats, wearing the name of Christ's followers, be guilty of such tyranny upon us, either as a nation, or a party?

Does the committee again say "colonization is essential to the safety and well being of society?" This is contradicted by reason and facts. If we do a man an act of kindness, we may reasonably expect kindness in return; and if any race of men in the world, show themselves long-suffering, obedient and kind, that race is the colored people of America—the slaves in the United States. And as we look over the history of emancipation, what does it tell us? It tells us that, perhaps without exception, every instance has worked safely, and well. In the very number of the Examiner in which appears the address of the committee, is a long article showing that the people of the West India Islands, are satisfied with freedom on the soil—that though, from failure of the home government to insist upon her treaties with other nations, they were suffering in the sale of their produce, yet at a meeting held in Kingston, it was resolved that not one out of ten thousand would restore their losses by a return to slavery. Freedom there, on the soil, is far preferable, although there are three, five, and in some places ten colored persons, to one white man. That which is right will work well. Then let us do justice and leave the consequences with God.

If the proposition were, as in the constitution of the colonization society, "to execute a plan for colonizing with their own consent, the FREE PEOPLE of color, residing in our country, in Africa, or such other place as Congress shall deem most expedient," then we would have remained silent. But manifestly the proposition is, that freedom shall be coupled with colonization—that is, the poor slave may go free—have the "inalienable rights of humanity," provided he is banished to another land. Banishment is a punishment for crime. Shall we inflict this upon an innocent man? The injustice of this was shown by an editorial in the True American, long since. This forcing the will of an innocent and poor man—of this we complain.

Does the committee say the slave would choose to go to Africa, rather than stay in bondage? Yes, and should a band of robbers meet that committee, with pistols presented, and money demanded, the committee would give up their money, rather than be shot. But would it satisfy the committee—would it satisfy the claims of justice and of christianity, for the robbers to say "the committee were willing to give up their money?"

Does the committee say, "this only would be popular in Kentucky—we could not get many to go with us unless we advocated this scheme?" We answer in the language of Scripture:—"We may not go with a multitude to do evil." And again:—"If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me." No, reader, he will not hear your prayer if you do this thing. A policy which is not just, will not prosper. With other considerations, leads me to believe, as I remarked in the beginning, that the plan will prove abortive—time and labor lost. The committee tell us, that with the present increase of our slave population, they will double their number in twenty-five years. And then they ask, "can we not remove 200,000 in forty years?" With the above ratio of increase, after deducting 80,000 for the number and their increase, that may be removed before a State plan can go into effect, we shall then have about 400,000 still in our country—double the number we now have. And then they ask, "how will they get them out?"

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The scheme will be a failure. Where or when has a State or nation acted upon the

scheme? And after you shall have worn out the patience of the non-slaveholder, and the mechanic; and after he shall have gone to some other country, leaving only here and there a white man, and after their consciences, with the increasing tide of light, shall have become insupportably burdened with a sense of guilt, in long acts of injustice to the poor colored man, they will, as in the West Indies, get tired of the slow process of dealing justice, and throw the whole scheme to the winds. And then, after years of precious time have passed away—money squandered, and labor expended, with every interest of your State delayed, you will then be worse off than now, so far as the presence of the black population will be concerned.

And suppose we could remove, arbitrarily, every colored man in the State; how long would it take them to come back? Will public sentiment then, with the progressing tide of christian and humane feeling, put a guard all around the border of our State, lest a poor unoffending negro shall chance come in, and disturb the equality of a few sensitive whites, who cannot bear to look upon any thing black unless it is held as a slave. And for what all this ado? Why, that christians may gratify a prejudice against color, which the Lord God long since stamped with the curse of leprosy.

There is, in our opinion, a better way to get at the desired result—a dense white population. Let the committee, and all Emancipationists, show their faith by their works, as Bro. R. C. Grundy, of Mayville, did a few days since—call up their slaves, put some ready money into their pockets, and tell them to go FREE—NOW—here. Then let the committee say to others, "follow us as we have followed the voice of our God"—"let the oppressed go free, and break every yoke." Let them, with all other Emancipationists, untiringly pile up arguments and facts upon the public mind, until the decree goes forth, (which would be soon under such efforts) that Kentucky is free.

Then our thousands of white citizens, who annually emigrate to other States, would tie up on their native soil, and go to the work of improvement. Other white men—enterprising men, and capitalists from the East, would pour in upon our rich soil, dense forests, and valuable mines. Thus the white population would more rapidly increase than the black. And the slaves freed, that increase from shameless polygamy, of which the committee speaks, would cease. And then if we, together with the colored people, should think it best for them to have a country to themselves, we could offer them, as has been proposed, homes in New Mexico, or some of our wide-spread territories. Many, perhaps most, would go; and to upon principles of justice and humanity. To no other than some such plan, can I, as an individual, consent. I regard that plan which proposes banishment, as a condition of freedom, as still partaking of the spirit of slavery—crushing rights to gratify prejudice and supposed interest.

Now, friends, as we are proposing in the eyes of God and the world, to do a noble act, that of proclaiming freedom to the down-trodden slave, let us go the whole figure to true magnanimity—extend absolute justice to every man, and not stain the noble enterprise by remaining acts of injustice, to gratify an unworthy prejudice.

JOHN G. FEE.

CARLETON P. O., Ky., Sept. 18, 1849.

## "The Examiner's Questions."

"Are slaves human beings?" If they are, it is a question which debars them from the most sacred of all rights which human beings can hold to each other—that of marriage. If the system is not right, are those gentle men, who are doing this, doing it for the good of the colored people?

These questions have been put to us with great perseverance for several weeks by the Examiner. Though they are to our vision little more than trifling, though they seem to be very much in earnest, treating them in the light of logical questions. Therefore we have concluded to reply.

"Are slaves human beings?" We have never heard any one question that the negro slaves of this country are human beings. We have no doubt whatever that they are.

"If they are human beings, is that system right which debars them from the most sacred relation which human beings can hold to each other—that of marriage?" We believe there is not a man in the world that denies that this is a great evil of the system in question, nor that slavery includes other great evils. Therefore, even those who advocate slavery as an important element in the social system do not deny that it is altogether right. Nor do they act inconsistently in admitting that there are evils as in all other earthly things, inherent in slavery. They may believe that, on the whole, it is fortunate for the Southern States, that the descendants of the imported Africans, and even fortune for Africa itself, that slavery was at first allowed and still exists in this country. But for ourselves, and in behalf of the opponents of emancipation in general, we cannot believe that slavery in Kentucky is not altogether right and contains evils but that it is itself an evil greatly to be deprecated. This we have said over and over. We said, in the very articles out of which these questions grew, that slavery in Kentucky is a social, moral, and political evil. This is the undisputed opinion of nearly all the opponents of emancipation in Kentucky, but not one of them has ever suspected that this opinion is at all inconsistent with their position of opposition to the projects of the emancipationists.

"If the system is not right, are those gentlemen doing right who support it?" This question may mean to intimate that the gentlemen in question are not doing right if they do not try to reform the institution of slavery, or that they are not doing right in supporting the proposed abolition of this question, there is a reason to doubt that the opponents of emancipation would be as ready to introduce any practicable reforms as the emancipationists. But they know that slavery by its very nature implies that it is not right, and that the very disabilities the emancipationists talk so much about. Remove these disabilities, and slavery is at an end. Therefore, to talk of reforming this is simply another form of saying that slavery is not right. Slavery in general is now a mild in Kentucky as it can be and exist at all.

In the other aspect of this last question it does not help the Emancipationists a single step in their argument to admit either that slavery has evils or that it is itself an evil. Those who regard it as a great evil would as a matter of course like to be rid of it. Further, they will look about them anxiously for a way. But if they are, they are not acting with wisdom and circumspection







# LITERARY EXAMINER.

From Chambers's Journal.

## My Childhood's Thought.

Three fields beyond our dwelling-place, a limpid streamlet floweth,  
From spring-head to ocean I have traced it  
Where'er it goes, and I used to lie on the banks, and childishly to ponder  
O'er that river's shining course with pleasant awe and wonder,  
Arranging in my secret mind a creed of mystic birth—  
That Elfin river was a type of my own doom on earth.  
I read from spring-head to the vale where many waters meet,  
I learnt the story page by page, and other lessons sweet.  
Where the yielding greenest moss gathers o'er the rounded rocks,  
('Tis the shepherd's favorite rest, crook in hand, to watch the flocks),  
There amid the scented thyme, fern, and hyacinthine bells,  
Forth a hundred apples gush on flowery paths to distant dells.  
'Midst this waste of summer sweets, mark a fostering hand is near,  
And a marble basin fair receives some falling diamonds hither and there.  
Thence again, 'mid beds of roses, sporting, toying on its way,  
Where a classic temple craves mirrored grace and fond delay,  
Hedies on the water runneth, wide and deep, and will not stay;  
Tasteful bowers are left behind, grand and feudal scenes are o'er,  
And ere spring-head murmurs fade, bids adieu for evermore.  
Merrily the streamlet floweth, hidden under archways dear,  
Merrily it floweth through ruins dim and sights of fear;  
With its surface all untroubled, 'e'en though wintry breezes sigh;  
Gilding on transparently with a murmuring song forever.  
Looking not to the right or left—oh, it was a careless river!  
Through the sheltered pasture-fields, winding in and winding out,  
How the frisking waters ran, hereabout and thereabout!  
Old oak-roots and ivy leaves, cowslip beds and violet-anks,  
Washing o'er, and now and then foaming up and playing pranks.  
'Twas an idle, roving life; but the dancing days were done,  
And a graver work was found from the dawn to set of sun.  
When the noisy mill-wheel turning, whispered to the busy water—  
'Thy proud heart is humbled now, dainty, foolish, idle daughter!  
Useful days and dreamless nights fill up thine appointed race,  
While the stars reflected shine on the mill-pond's placid face.  
But stars shine on the other side of that clever talker's will, and the dreamless nights fill up thine appointed race,  
While the stars reflected shine on the mill-pond's placid face.  
Darting forward with a power they had never known before,  
Swiftly onward now they flew escaping from the prison door;  
Flowery meads and garden trim were as though they ne'er had been,  
Darksome depths, and raging foam, and splashing rocks, and the distant roar of the tumbling waters wild,  
I prayed no wanderer forlorn along that way might be beguiled,  
But follow by the silver thread to pastures fair where waters cease to whirl,  
Straight and narrow is the stream, the humble stream is known to few,  
It leads to woodland solitudes, and bids the heartless crowds adieu;  
Straight and narrow, pure and deep—onwards, onwards calmly gliding—  
Ocean's mighty bosom this, and many silver streamlets hiding.

C. A. M. W.

## Reminiscences.

The following beautiful and touching sketch we copy from the Journal of Commerce:  
I have worshiped blue eyes, and there is no radiance so heavenly as that which gleams from them. But blue eyes are more bewildering, and when a shadow of melancholy falls over the forehead, it softens their beauty while it does not dim them.  
\* \* \* If you will go with me now to a glen in the highlands, and a willow-shaded spot, I will point out to you the very spot where years ago there stood a rude bench, on which many times I have seen the fair girl I now write of, sitting, and by which I once saw her kneeling. The cottage under the hill is occupied by strangers, and its broad hall and large rooms now to the laughter of those that knew not her whose gentle spirit haunts their very chambers.  
She was as beautiful as a dream. Never was holier forehead shaded by raven tresses; never were tresses so glorious as those; I tell you that I loved Sarah D.—you will call me an enthusiast, and ascribe my admiration to my passion. I did love her, but only as a boy worships a being very far above him. I used to lie at her feet on the grass, and gaze into her face, and watch the play of her exquisite features. It was there I learned first how high, and pure, and worshipful, humanity may be.

She was young and beautiful. What need to add that she was loved. Surely I need not add that she loved, for such as she live on affection, and die for lack of it. Her father, devoted his fortune and his life to her, and she was heiress to a large estate. As might be expected, she had numerous suitors of every rank and variety. I cannot now remember all of them, although I kept the run of them tolerably well. But of all, there were only two that appeared to have any prospect of success; and the village gossips were occupied in discussing their relative chances.

Frank R—was the gayest, best-hearted fellow in the world, and had you seen him on his horse by the side of Sarah D—, you would have said he was made for her, so wild was his laugh, and so joyous her response. Yet, had you been behind the closed shutter of the window in the front of the large white house on the hill, as they rode by, and had you there watched the compressed lip, the broad, calm forehead, the pale face and the speaking eye of Joseph S—, as he saw them passing, you would have prayed to God that that fair girl might belong to that noble man, even as I, a boy then prayed.

God has answered my prayers. When the long way was traveled over, and the rugged and difficult steep surmounted—when her fair foot was pressed on the rock at the summit of the hill of life, and her eyes gazed into the deep blue sky with longing gaze, there, even there, beyond the blue, his outstretched arms received her, and his embrace was Heaven!

Go prech to blocks and stones, ye who believe that love is of clay! Go prech to the dead, ye who deny the immortality of the affections! Go reason with trees, or hills, or images of wood, or with your own motionless, lifeless, icy souls, ye who believe that, because there is no marrying yonder, there shall be no embracing, or because we may not use the gentle words "my wife," we may not cherish these sanctified forms in your own holy arms! I tell you, man, that immortality would be a glorious chest, if with our clay died all our first affections. I tell you that annihilation would

be heaven, if I believed that when my head at length rests on its coffin pillow, and my lips sink to the silence and repose of death, these loving eyes will never look into mine again, this pure clasp never be around my neck, this holy caress never bless me more!

But see how I hasten in advance of my story. And yet, like Canning's knife-grinder, I remember now that I have no story to tell, or at best it is a simple historic.

She loved Joe. His calm and earnest way of loving her won her whole soul. He did not say much to her in company, nor of her, but when they were alone, or only some of the children near, his low voice would be musical, and she sat entranced with its eloquence. I have seen them seated on the bench by the side of the stream, and have heard him lead her gentle soul step by step with him from earth to stars, and then from star to star, until she seemed to be in heaven with him, and listening to the praises of the angels.

I am unable to tell you how it happened that Joseph S— left his profession, (which had been law) and entered the ministry, nor am I able to state, though I might guess at it, the causes operating in his own mind. The father of Sarah D— was not a religious man, and I am sorry to say, was one of a small class of men, who not only deny the truths of our most holy creed, but take every opportunity to cast ridicule on its teachers. It was, therefore, with great pain, that his daughter observed his coldness and rudeness to Joseph S—, and she was not surprised, however much she was grieved, when an open rupture rendered the suspension of his visits at the house absolutely necessary.

They had never spoken of love. Each knew the secret of the other's affection, and what need then of words to tell it? It would have been but the repetition of hackneyed phrases. And yet there is no music in the world so sweet as those three words, "I love you," from the lips we love to kiss. But the father of our little friend had feared the existence of some bond between them, and peremptorily required his daughter to break it if it did exist.

She replied to him, relating the simple truth, and he desired her to refuse thenceforward to see or speak to Joseph.

A month of deeper pain than can well be imagined succeeded this command, during which they did not meet.

It was on a moonlight night in August that she walked out with me, (then a boy three years her junior) and sat down on the bench by the side of the stream. The air was clear, the sky serene, and no sound disturbed us; but the soft voice of the wind among the tree-tops made a pleasant music, and we listened and were silent. The stillness was broken by the voice of Joseph S—.

You will pardon me if I pass over that scene. I dare not attempt a description of it. It was my first lesson in human suffering, and though I have learned it over and over since, though the iron has entered my own soul, and scarred and scarred it, yet I have never seen, nor do I believe I have ever felt, more agony than those two felt as they parted that night to meet no more on earth.

He bowed his lips to her forehead, and murmured the solemn word "Forever." She woke at that word, and exclaimed with startled vehemence, "No, no, there is no such word, Joe."

"We shall not meet again on earth, my gentle one." "And what is earth?" Her tall form grew more quietly, and her dark eyes flashed divinely, as she rose and exclaimed, in clear and silvery tones: "And what is earth? These things must end. I will name a tryst, dear Joe, and you shall keep it. If you pass first into the other land, wait for me on the bank, and if I go hence before you, I will linger on the other shore until you come. Will you remember?" "I will live and die in this memory."

She lifted her face to his, and her arms to his neck, and they clung together in a long and passionate embrace. Their lips did not separate, but were pressed close together, until he felt her form cold, and her clasp relaxed, and he laid her gently down on the old seat, bowed over her in a moment in prayer, and was gone. I heard him say "take care of her W—," and so I strove to recall the life that had gone from her lips and cheeks and eyes. It came slowly, and she woke as we wake in the morning after death has entered our charmed circle, with an oppression on the brain and a swimming, swollen senselessness of soul.

At length she remembered all; and raised herself with a half-articulated exclamation of agony, broken by a sob; then fell on her knees by the bench and buried her face in her hands, and remained thus for nearly half an hour.

When she arose, her face was as the face of an angel. It wore that same exalted look which she died.

I think she told that night, she was never well afterward, and the next winter she passed at the south, returning in the spring very fragile, but very beautiful.

Joseph S—, was sent abroad by one of the Boards of Missions of the Church, but his health failed, and he resigned his commission, while he traveled through the Eastern world.

Three years fled with their usual swiftness. To Sarah D—, they were very slow and painful years, yet she was happy in her quiet way, and no one dreamed of the strange tryst she was longing to keep on the other side of that dark river, which men so shrink from. She grew feebler daily as the summer and autumn advanced, and in December she was evidently dying.

One day her mother had been out of the house, perhaps making calls; she returned at evening, and among other incidents of news which she had learned, she mentioned to Sarah the death of her old friend Joseph S—.

The fair girl was reclining in her large arm-chair, looking out through the closed windows at the snow on the ground, and the pure moonlight which silvered it. There was no startling emotion visible as her mother mentioned the fact which to her was the most solemn, yet most joyful news the world could give; for now, how much nearer was their meeting! I saw a smile flash across her face as the joyful news reached her ear. I saw her forehead raised to feel the caress which I know she felt! She was silent for many minutes, and then spoke in feeble, yet very musical accents, and I, boyishly, wept aloud! Then she smiled, and looked at me with finger upraised, and said, "Wait a little while longer, dear W—." And then, after a moment, she said, "Mother, is the snow very deep?"

"Not very, dear; why did you ask?" "Because if it were deep, I thought it would be difficult for old Mr. Smith to find our lot in the grave-yard. Are all the head-stones covered, mother?" "What is the matter, Sarah? What if they are covered?" "Mother, dear, it is useless to conceal it from ourselves, or from one another. You know, and I quite as well, that I am dying."

I have not wished to live, only for one thing I did long for life, and I dreaded to meet death all alone! but now I shall not. W— will tell you what I mean when I am gone. Yes, gone, dear mother. I shall not be here any longer. This chair will stand here, and I not be anywhere near it. You will be here, and father, and you will rise and walk about, and visit, and go in and out, and sleep and wake again, and so on day after day, and I shall have no part any longer in your cares and joys;—Dear Mother!—and as she uttered the last words, she put her arms around her mother's neck, and kissed her fondly, and sank back into her chair again. I sat at her feet watching her matchless features. A smile was flitting across them, now there, now gone, yet each time it appeared, it lingered longer than before, until it became fixed, and so holy, so very holy, that I grew bewildered as I gazed, and a strange tremor passed through my body.

The breath of peace was fanning her glorious brow! Her head was bowed a very little forward, and a tress escaping from its bonds, fell by the side of her pure white temple, and close to her just opened eye. It hung there motionless! No breath disturbed its repose! She slept as an angel might sleep, having accomplished the mission of her God.

From the New England.

## Trees.

You may be disposed to think, Mr. Editor, that after the papers which you kindly published some years ago, on Civic and Rural Decoration, I can have very little more to say on the subject of trees. Yet the older I grow, the more I feel interested for posterity, and desire my sons and grandsons to have abundance of shade. The just about the treeless condition of Scotland have gone on for so many years, that if Dr. Johnson could return and renew his tour, he would find unimpaired plantations on every hand: indeed the very best method of transplanting mature trees comes to us from Scotland. Dr. Whitterson used to say, that when he sailed up the Delaware, on his arrival in this country, he was at every turn tempted to ask what nobleman's seat he was looking at; so accustomed was he to associate a grove with wealth and artificial plantation. Dreadful havoc has, however, been made in these forests during the last century; and even the trees around old mansions have, upon a change of owners, been barbarously hewn down.

It was my lot to live several years in the neighborhood of the eccentric and eloquent John Randolph, of the Roanoke; and I often heard the remark made, that he would not allow even any topping or trimming of his trees. He used to say, in reference to the connection between aristocracy and "ancient trees," "Any upstart can build a fine house, but he cannot build the old oaks."

In that same country I was most familiar with a spot settled by a retired officer of the Revolution, but now dismantled, and occupied by an overseer, yet four matchless oaks still tower above the ruins, and there are the remains of four rows of catalpa trees, which once extended nearly half a mile. When I lived there, it was a pleasant thought that my honored father had lived there also, and had enjoyed the same shade thirty years before; how sacred then must be the associations of one who walks among trees which have sheltered his forefathers for centuries! Are we to give up all such fancies at the beck of communists and red republicans?

Trees have figured in literature, and struck their roots deep in the poetry of all ages. Although a taste for the picturesque does not characterize the ancients, and there is little description of natural scenery in their prose works, and yet we find exceptions in regard to trees. One remarkable instance will promptly occur to all classic scholars; it is the famous platanus, in the shade of which Socrates kept his place while he discoursed, constantly moving from the sun; it is mentioned both by Plato and Cicero. The choral allusions to groves, in Greek tragedy, are also familiar. The Latin word *lucus* carried religious associations which belonged to no other term, and was shadowy with such imaginations as hover over Virgil's line,

"*caliginem nigra formidine lucum.*" These superstitions were founded on natural sentiment, as he may understand who will recall some twilight hour, when he found himself musing and gazing into the recesses of a dark ancient tree, till overtaken by night. The poet is one who can unfold the Heracleian papyrus of such thoughts, and decipher the hieroglyphic of imagination, and translate the vagueness of these inklings into the idiom of common life. Perhaps it has never been more completely done, than by Wordsworth, in the *Yew Trees*:

"A pillar'd shade,  
Upon whose grassless floor of red-brown leaves,  
By sheddings from the pine unbraced tinged  
Perniciously—beneath whose ample roof  
Of boughs, as if for festal purpose decked  
With unreluctant berries ghostly shapes  
May meet at noontide—Fear and Trembling  
Hope,  
Silence and Foresight—Death the Skeleton  
And time the Shadow."—etc.

I wish attention were more frequently drawn, by parents and other educators, to the individuality of great trees, which have each their physiognomy, as much as so many men. And could we read the character, in these lineaments of trunk and boughs and "shadowing shroud" (a noble old English word, for which we have no substitute,) we should read the impressions of spring tides, of droughts, and of tempests. An old tree is an old friend, and we do well to take pains that our sons may hereafter love its very wrinkles. The tree of the park or pleasure-land, and the tree of the forest, are as different as the old knotty, gnarled, unmovable baron, and the alert, smooth, thriving, average dweller in cities.

The same reasons operate in both cases. Character becomes more impassioned, juicy, full of tannin and fibrin, where there has been elbow-room for the mighty branches to wrestle with the winds. Look at an "old field" of the South, in which a thousand young pines have sprung up spontaneously, side by side, and you are instantly reminded of a boarding school of sweet young ladies; the same name would do for all. On the other hand, I do know a solitary tree, fast for Druids and predominating over a waste meadow, which is revered in its eloquence that it preaches a sermon to me whenever I pass or contemplate it. "Those mossed trees, that have outlived the eagles," should covenant with us to leave something of their kind for our descendants.

Of the ways and means of planting, and of woodcraft in general, I know as little as other idle, pragmatic speculators. I admire and love the poem that I cannot make. But I heartily honor those of my accomplished countrymen who are writing on this subject, and stimulating our people to care for trees. The inhabitants of Newark have a standing, living pledge of the superior

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possession by their elders, in the elms of their beautiful park; and the absence of such monuments in New York is only another token left by the axe of Mammon on our utilitarian city. I remember to have paused on crossing a certain ferry of the Roanoke, near the mansion of the late Sir Peyton Skipwith, and inwardly to have thanked the considerate foreman which spared on the further bank a clump of picturesque and gigantic trees, the sight and shadow of which were refreshing after a wearisome day's journey. "Plant or preserve a lovely tree by the wayside, and you secure what is a 'joy forever'—the deed may be as benign as 'the cup of cold water.' The oaks of the Old Testament have a broad leaf of recollections nesting in their foliage; the oak of Jacob, the oak of the Law, the oak of Rehobek, the angel's oak, the oaks of Saul, of Abimelech, of Abalom, and of Bashan.—Gen. xxv. 4, 8; Josh. xv. 26; Judges vi. 11; 12; 13; 14; 15; 16; 17; 18; 19; 20; 21; 22; 23; 24; 25; 26; 27; 28; 29; 30; 31; 32; 33; 34; 35; 36; 37; 38; 39; 40; 41; 42; 43; 44; 45; 46; 47; 48; 49; 50; 51; 52; 53; 54; 55; 56; 57; 58; 59; 60; 61; 62; 63; 64; 65; 66; 67; 68; 69; 70; 71; 72; 73; 74; 75; 76; 77; 78; 79; 80; 81; 82; 83; 84; 85; 86; 87; 88; 89; 90; 91; 92; 93; 94; 95; 96; 97; 98; 99; 100; 101; 102; 103; 104; 105; 106; 107; 108; 109; 110; 111; 112; 113; 114; 115; 116; 117; 118; 119; 120; 121; 122; 123; 124; 125; 126; 127; 128; 129; 130; 131; 132; 133; 134; 135; 136; 137; 138; 139; 140; 141; 142; 143; 144; 145; 146; 147; 148; 149; 150; 151; 152; 153; 154; 155; 156; 157; 158; 159; 160; 161; 162; 163; 164; 165; 166; 167; 168; 169; 170; 171; 172; 173; 174; 175; 176; 177; 178; 179; 180; 181; 182; 183; 184; 185; 186; 187; 188; 189; 190; 191; 192; 193; 194; 195; 196; 197; 198; 199; 200; 201; 202; 203; 204; 205; 206; 207; 208; 209; 210; 211; 212; 213; 214; 215; 216; 217; 218; 219; 220; 221; 222; 223; 224; 225; 226; 227; 228; 229; 230; 231; 232; 233; 234; 235; 236; 237; 238; 239; 240; 241; 242; 243; 244; 245; 246; 247; 248; 249; 250; 251; 252; 253; 254; 255; 256; 257; 258; 259; 260; 261; 262; 263; 264; 265; 266; 267; 268; 269; 270; 271; 272; 273; 274; 275; 276; 277; 278; 279; 280; 281; 282; 283; 284; 285; 286; 287; 288; 289; 290; 291; 292; 293; 294; 295; 296; 297; 298; 299; 300; 301; 302; 303; 304; 305; 306; 307; 308; 309; 310; 311; 312; 313; 314; 315; 316; 317; 318; 319; 320; 321; 322; 323; 324; 325; 326; 327; 328; 329; 330; 331; 332; 333; 334; 335; 336; 337; 338; 339; 340; 341; 342; 343; 344; 345; 346; 347; 348; 349; 350; 351; 352; 353; 354; 355; 356; 357; 358; 359; 360; 361; 362; 363; 364; 365; 366; 367; 368; 369; 370; 371; 372; 373; 374; 375; 376; 377; 378; 379; 380; 381; 382; 383; 384; 385; 386; 387; 388; 389; 390; 391; 392; 393; 394; 395; 396; 397; 398; 399; 400; 401; 402; 403; 404; 405; 406; 407; 408; 409; 410; 411; 412; 413; 414; 415; 416; 417; 418; 419; 420; 421; 422; 423; 424; 425; 426; 427; 428; 429; 430; 431; 432; 433; 434; 435; 436; 437; 438; 439; 440; 441; 442; 443; 444; 445; 446; 447; 448; 449; 450; 451; 452; 453; 454; 455; 456; 457; 458; 459; 460; 461; 462; 463; 464; 465; 466; 467; 468; 469; 470; 471; 472; 473; 474; 475; 476; 477; 478; 479; 480; 481; 482; 483; 484; 485; 486; 487; 488; 489; 490; 491; 492; 493; 494; 495; 496; 497; 498; 499; 500; 501; 502; 503; 504; 505; 506; 507; 508; 509; 510; 511; 512; 513; 514; 515; 516; 517; 518; 519; 520; 521; 522; 523; 524; 525; 526; 527; 528; 529; 530; 531; 532; 533; 534; 535; 536; 537; 538; 539; 540; 541; 542; 543; 544; 545; 546; 547; 548; 549; 550; 551; 552; 553; 554; 555; 556; 557; 558; 559; 560; 561; 562; 563; 564; 565; 566; 567; 568; 569; 570; 571; 572; 573; 574; 575; 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